

Nazi Pudding

The Nazi SS blew apart like stinking flesh scathed in a kitchen shredder, leaving jelly bone and gore on all the inner walls of my once secret home. Indeed seven of the perfectly black and red and green fashionable soldiers of Nazi regimes were now streaked in slivered pieces like processed offal in carmine. It was 1940, and near the outskirts of Münster I'd well hidden away, but somehow local SS got aware at two in the cold starry morning that I didn't actually belong in town, even with my firm standing as a wavy maker of exotic cloths and trims. The SS were told, in error, that I was one of the Homo sapiens they'd decided to hate, as most primitive Homo sapiens have apparently always done in war and life. The SS mistake was not knowing that I came from a place entirely off-world, large cubic numbers of distance from sun and earth, and that I'd long carried the ability to passionately annihilate the entire population of the planet...but had no objective desire to do so, at all. Still, I knew if I allowed SS to damage my private home that it would never end, either physical or linear. So I deformed them with easy violence, leaving little for their superiors to find...and of course much less for the Bürgermeister, who'd no doubt scour all of my property by dawn. Off I went to Schöppingen, to the reserved château I'd purchased as a place to quickly move, if needed, right at town periphery. On the way I moved my own DNA and mitochondria to build a brilliant new outside appearance, this one looking more like a large bloke from the Hinterland, too old and common to attract Nazis, and wealthy beyond the hassles of politics über beer hall. Yes, back to observing (cataloguing) the long human war it would be. Next stop months later of course, was Essex—the English bounty of prime estates and probable pure avoidance. Maybe I'll stay after bombs and bullets dissolve, silently forging a minor tinker with human tech. Medical machinery, perhaps. Maybe temporal globes. Or good tea.

End.